



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

4185.25

Harvard College Library



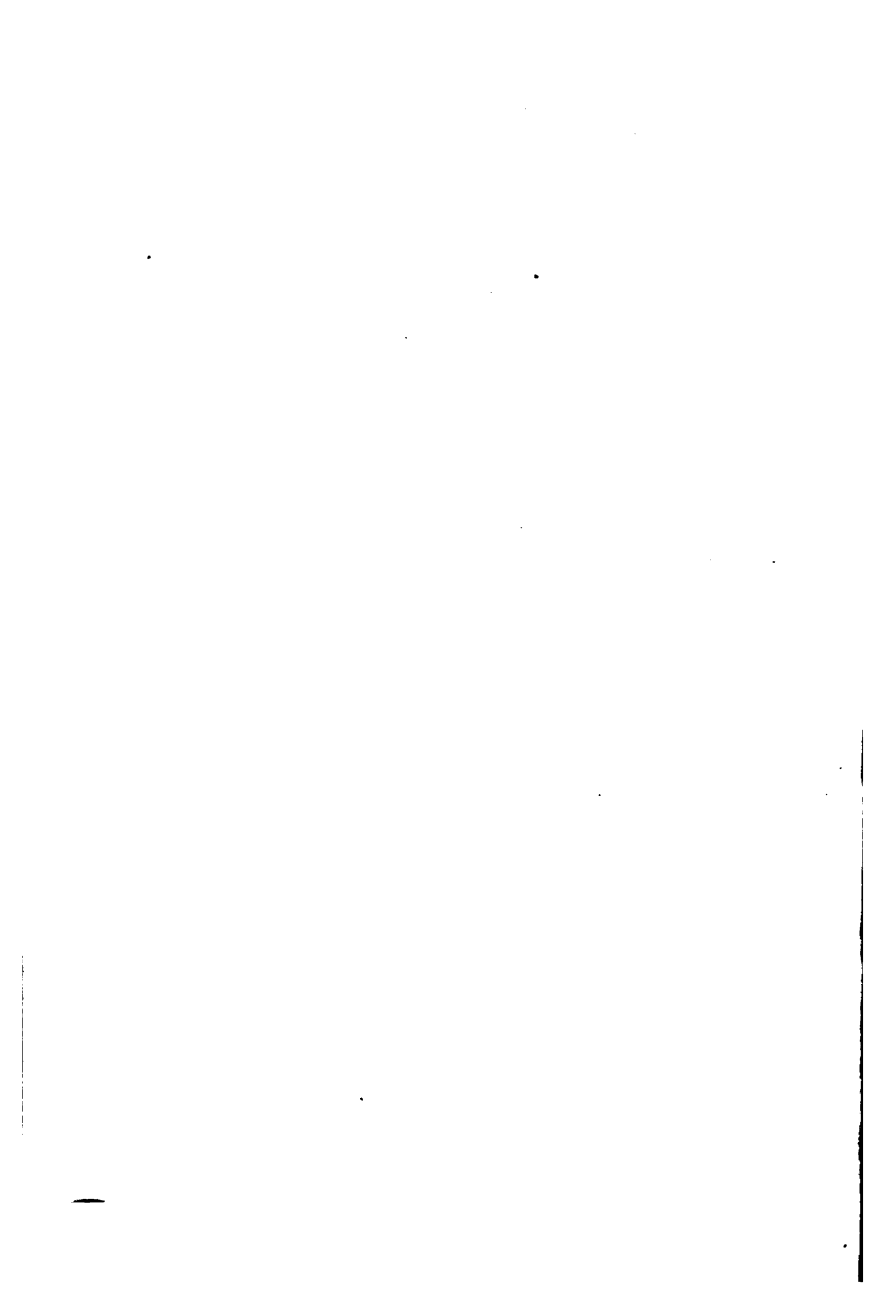
**BOUGHT WITH MONEY
RECEIVED FROM THE
SALE OF DUPLICATES**

With the author's compliments

41/87



SONGS OF RUSSIA



SONGS OF RUSSIA

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

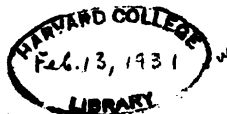
Author of "Armenian Poems"



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1906

Slav 4185.25



Euph.weeney

Copyright, 1905
By ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Printed under the Supervision of
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY (Co-operative)
56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago



PREFACE

In America, popular interest in Russia has been much increased by the Russo-Japanese war. The utter inefficiency, incapacity and corruption of the Russian government were made plain to the American people by the war, as the autocracy's lack of regard for all moral considerations had already been made plain by its treatment of the Finns, Jews, Poles and Armenians, and by the persecution of Russia's most distinguished literary men. The inevitable result has been increased sympathy with the Russian people, as opposed to the Russian government; and a growing interest in the great and gallant struggle for liberty which the best sons and daughters of Russia have been carrying on for years against tremendous odds.

This little volume aims to give a glimpse into the thoughts and aspirations of some Russian lovers of freedom, as revealed in their poetry. It includes twenty-five poems trans-

PREFACE

lated from the Russian, and four from the Yiddish.

These renderings in verse have been made from prose translations furnished me by different friends. Among those to whom I have been indebted for this help are Miss Annie Seitlen, Dr. Antoinette Konikow, and Miss Bessie Levine. The versified renderings of the Yiddish poems by Morris Rosenfeld are from prose translations made by Professor Leo Wiener of Harvard.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL,
45 Boutwell Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE SONG OF THE STORM-FINCH,	<i>Maxim Gorky</i>	9
THE PINES, - - -	<i>V. V. Bashkin</i>	13
TIMID LOVE, - - -	<i>S. J. Nudson</i>	14
THE WORD, - - -	"	15
DREAMS, - - -	"	17
RECONCILIATION, - -	"	22
A GLANCE, - - -	"	26
POESY, - - -	"	27
THE PEOPLE'S POET, - -	"	28
RUSSIA'S LAMENT, - - -	<i>Nekrasov</i>	30
RUSSIAN PEASANT CHILDREN, -	"	32
THE MOURNER, - - -	"	33
FREEDOM, - - -	"	34
THE JEWISH SOLDIER, - -	<i>Morris Rosenfeld</i>	36
ON OCEAN'S BOSOM, - -	"	40
TO THE YOUTH OF RUSSIA, - -	<i>G. Galin</i>	45
ON THE EVE, - - -	"	46
LIFE, - - -	"	47
COME! - - -	"	48
IN PRISON, - - -	<i>P. Polivanov</i>	49
SPRING IN PRISON - - -	"	51

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE PRISONER'S DREAM,	-	<i>P. Polivanov</i>	52
IN ALEXIS RAVELIN,	-	"	54
LAST DAYS,	-	"	56
LOVE'S EBB AND FLOW,	-	<i>A. K. Tolstoy</i>	57
NIGHT AND MORNING,	-	<i>M. L. Mikhailov</i>	58
DEATH'S JEST	-	<i>N. A. Dobrohubov</i>	59
AT STRIFE	-	<i>David Edelstadt</i>	60
MY WILL	-	"	62

SONGS OF RUSSIA

THE SONG OF THE STORM-FINCH

MAXIM GORKY

The strong wind is gathering the storm-clouds
together

Above the gray plain of the ocean so wide.

The storm-finch, the bird that resembles dark
lightning,

Between clouds and ocean is soaring in pride.

Now skimming the waves with his wings, and
now shooting

Up, arrow-like, into the dark clouds on high,

The storm-finch is clamoring loudly and shrilly;

The clouds can hear joy in the bird's fearless
cry.

In that cry is the yearning, the thirst for the
tempest,

And anger's hot might in its wild notes is
heard;

The keen fire of passion, the faith in sure
triumph—

All these the clouds hear in the voice of the
bird.

SONGS OF RUSSIA

The seagulls lament when a storm is impending,
They flit o'er the waves with a wail in their cry;
They are ready to hide in the depths of the
ocean
Their dread of the tempest that threatens on
high.

The cargeese and grebes, too, shriek hoarsely
in terror,
They mourn and complain when the tempest
is near;
They know not the joy of a life-and-death
struggle;
The crash of the thunderbolt fills them with
fear.

The fat, foolish penguin hides, timid and
craven,
In nooks of the cliffs, where it finds a safe
home;
Alone the proud storm-finch soars freely and
boldly
Above the rough ocean, all hoary with foam.

Still nearer and darker the storm-clouds are
lowering
Above the broad ocean; the waves as they beat
Are singing and dancing; they lift themselves
upward
As if they were longing the thunder to meet.

THE SONG OF THE STORM-FINCH

The thunder is crashing, the billows are roaring,
And foaming with rage, and they shriek and they gasp
As they strive with the gale. Now the storm-wind clasps fiercely
A bevy of waves in his powerful grasp,

And hurls them, with all his mad strength, in grim fury,
Against the precipitous cliffs of the rock.
The emerald masses of water are shattered
To spray and fine mist by the force of the shock.

The storm-finch, the bird that resembles dark lightning,
Is soaring with cries 'mid the tempest's fierce breath;
Like an arrow he pierces the clouds; with his pinions
He dashes the foam from the billows beneath.

He darts like a haughty black demon of tempest,
In wild exultation that knows no alloy.
'Twixt the sea and the sky he is laughing and sobbing;
He laughs to the clouds, he is sobbing for joy!

SONGS OF RUSSIA

In the wrath of the thunder, the keen, quick-
eared demon
Has long since detected a note of fatigue.
He is firm in his faith that the clouds will
not cover
The bright sun for aye, though they stretch
league on league.

The storm-wind is howling, the thunder is
roaring;
With flame blue and lambent the cloud-masses
glow
O'er the fathomless ocean; it catches the light-
nings,
And quenches them deep in its whirlpool below.

Like serpents of fire in the dark ocean writhing,
The lightnings reflected there quiver and shake
As into the blackness they vanish forever.
The tempest! Now quickly the tempest will
break!

The storm-finch soars fearless and proud 'mid
the lightnings,
Above the wild waves that the roaring winds
fret;
And what is the prophet of victory saying?
"Oh, let the storm burst! Fiercer yet—fiercer
yet!"

THE PINES

V. V. BASHKIN

The dark pines by my window murmur low,
The wind sways sleepily their summits hoar;
I hear them whispering in monotone
Still the same tale—the same forevermore.

“In a sad part of earth we sprang to life;
In a sad land no happiness can dwell.
We by the dim gray mists are wearied out;
Our lives are drearier than a prison cell.

“We have forgotten how to wait and hope.
Here we are cold, and darksome is the sky.
Here we can only suffer and endure
In patience; here it would be good to die.”

The sad pines by my window murmur low,
The wind sways sleepily their summits hoar;
I hear them whispering in monotone
Still the same tale—the same forevermore.

TIMID LOVE

S. J. NADSON (B. 1862, d. 1887).

Oft of thy love, my friend, I fondly dreamed;
Such musings made my glad heart throb like
flame.

But yet, whene'er I met thy happy glance,
Straightway perplexed and troubled I became.

I feared the impulse soon would pass away,
Thy short caprice of sympathy be flown,
And I, who dreamed of bliss beyond my reach,
Be doubly orphaned, left again alone.

As if thy love were stolen, thy caress,
Sweet and unhoped for, were a phantom frail,
It gleamed, lit up the dark, and then was gone,
Brief as a sound, false as a fairy tale;

As if thy tender, deep-blue glance, my love,
By chance or by mistake were given to me;
And in my feverish dreams at night it seems
That with the coming of the dawn 'twill flee.

Thus, parched by desert heats, a wanderer
Spies an oasis, but he doubts it yet;
Is it not some mirage in yon blue sky
Alluring him to rest-and to forget?

THE WORD

NADSON

Oh, had the Muses given to me the gift
Of burning speech, of clear and fiery song,
How mercilessly and how sternly then
Would I with infamy brand vice and wrong!

I would rouse all against the dark to strive,
Unfurl the banner bright of light and fire,
And with my glowing song the listening world
With longing for the truth I would inspire.

Oh, with what mighty laughter I would laugh!
What burning tears of sorrow I would shed!
To earth the holy, long-forgot Ideal
Should come again, arisen from the dead.

The world should waken, filled with fear, and
quake,
Like to a culprit, conscience-struck within;
It should look back upon the guilty past,
And meekly wait the sentence for its sin.

In that dead silence reigning all around,
My fearless voice should thunder loud and
clear,

SONGS OF RUSSIA

Resound with indignation's sacred fire,
And ring with teardrops heartfelt and sincere.

Not unto me such power of speech is given;
My voice is weak to plead the cause of truth.
My soul indeed is ready for the strife,
But in me fails the energy of youth

Within my breast is but a barren sob,
Upon my lips, reproach that cannot save,
And in my heart the sad acknowledgment
That I am not a prophet, but a slave.

DREAMS

NADSON

(In the first part of the poem, Nadson tells how in his boyhood he aspired to be the poet of beauty and to sing before great personages. Later he changed his mind. He continues:)

Henceforth I am the poet of labor, knowledge,
grief—

No more in praise of beauty my hand the harp
shall sweep.

I sing no song of conquest, no song of glorious
deeds;

I suffer with the suffering, I weep with those
who weep.

I give the weary one my hand. Though heavy
be my cross,

Though storms and doubts, misfortune and
struggle be my part,

Yet it has brought me also bright moments of
delight,

Moments of high and holy joy that overflowed
my heart.

One night I well remember: pale, like one who
suffers much,

SONGS OF RUSSIA

That night came down from heaven's blue
height, pensive and lingering;
Came with the shy and coy caress of silver-
shining May,
Came with the salutation of the mournful
Northern Spring.

We opened all the windows wide; and, with the
sound of wheels
Upon the echoing pavement, the night, with
shadows murk,
Came to us, and was welcomed with heartiness
and joy
Unto our modest festival, our cosy nook of
work.

And even as it entered, and as throughout the
room
Spread soft the fragrant perfume of blooming
lilac sprays,
Silently following it, a band of mournful
shadows came—
A throng of sounds that whispered from the
depths of long-past days.

Those who had sought the capital from districts
far away
Thought of their homes—the village poor, the
church, the fields beyond;

DREAMS

Against their will it all came back—the plains,
the village street,
The poplar standing motionless above the silent
pond.

The garden they remembered, known from their
cradle-time,
Where in the days of childhood, forever past,
they played—
Where merrily the broken swing was wont to
creak aloud,
And rippling laughter blithe was heard beneath
the chequered shade;

The steep hill and the bower on it, the strips
of golden wheat,
The path that like a serpent into the dark
woods wound,
The peaceful light of dawn that shone beyond
the slumberous stream—
And silence on our circle fell; we sat without
a sound.

We all of us were longing to forget: for want
and toil,
Privations sore and many cares had weighed
upon us long;
And, with a gentle, soothing song of recon-
ciling love,

SONGS OF RUSSIA

I, even as in my youthful dreams, stepped
forth before the throng.

Before me was no splendid hall, illumed with
brilliant light,
Here in this room, so poor and small, sunk in
half darkness now,
Where Thought alone was glittering in death-
less beauty bright,
Wearing a crown of painful thorns upon her
queenly brow.

My voice rang not that evening to amuse an
idle throng
Of full-gorged earthly demi-gods; no! I was
singing then,
Without expecting glory and without desiring
praise,
As a brother unto brothers, unto tired and
toil-worn men.

I sang to those who gathered around the flag
of truth,
To those who, in their struggle, were suffering
bitter pain.
I told them that their toiling hands should
falter not, nor droop,
And their young union, newly formed, should
not dissolve again.

DREAMS

I sang to them a glowing hymn, inspired and
filled with hope;
I sang that truth was destined to be victor in
the fight;
That darkness could not evermore resist its
radiance clear,
And that the future of our land would joyful
be and bright.

And all that I had hidden and cherished in
my heart,
Like to a precious treasure, through hard days,
slow and long—
My highest aspirations, my best and noblest
dreams,
I poured them all forth freely in the accents
of that song.

I ceased. The song was followed by no thun-
ders of applause,
No wreaths came dropping at my feet, a
fragrant, flowery storm;
The guerdon of the singer is a moment's silence
deep,
And, in the hush, a hand-clasp—a hand-clasp
close and warm.

But whence and wherefore are these tears? How
proud and glad am I!

SONGS OF RUSSIA

My country, oh, accept me! Henceforward I
am thine.

The gorgeous dreams of childhood pale, the
phantom roses fade,

Before the joy that now in true reality is mine!

RECONCILIATION

NADSON

Long lasted our dispute, intense to tears.

We were all gathered, and we were alone.
Distressing thoughts and anguish and dark
doubts

For days had vexed and wrung us, sparing
none.

In our own circle here no monarch's power
Restrained free speech, and in those hours,
too brief,

It poured forth freely and it sounded harsh,
And each of us, while speaking, felt relief.

Brothers whose aspirations were the same,
Life's fellow-travellers on the self-same path,
Oh, strange with what mistrust and bitterness
We on each other gazed, like foes in wrath!

Were we not all by one same feeling warmed,
The sacred love of our own country dear,
And on our lives, in stifling darkness wrapped,
Had not the self-same sun of hope shone clear?

You listened to us sadly ; and sometimes
When I glanced at you, as we fiercely strove,

SONGS OF RUSSIA

It seemed to me you suffered for our sake,
And longed to tell us something, filled with
love.

The night was fleeting; through the whitening
pane
The day appeared; star after star died slow;
The lamp's red, flickering light was melting now
Into the golden dawn's triumphant glow.

To the piano silently you stepped,
And touched the keys that dumbly glimmered
there;
And an impassioned strain of love and grief
Beneath your hands gushed forth upon the
air.

What was it in your song like a reproach,
That, full of sadness, o'er our circle came,
And hotly stirred the heart within my breast,
And filled it with pure love and burning
shame?

I do not know. Was it the sleepless night?
Was it my sick nerves playing? Tears would
rise.
My bosom heaved with them; a moment more,
And they burst forth with passion from mine
eyes.

RECONCILIATION

As if some friend of deeply truthful soul
Had come to us—all angry, wretched, ill—
And had begun to speak, our circle now,
Revived and filled with joy, grew hushed and
still.

Groundless complaints and clamorous phrases
loud,
And vanity, with its envenomed darts—
Whate'er of harm life, like a viewless plague,
Sows 'mid us all, e'en in the noblest hearts—

All these grew calm, and only one desire,
One impulse in us all blazed into fire—
To suffer and to strive with all our souls
To scatter the surrounding darkness dire.

O friend! your notes revealed to us that night
All that was false in us, unseen till then;
And we clasped hands more firmly when at dawn
We to our daily work returned again.

A GLANCE

NADSON

But yesterday, renouncing happiness,
I scorned contented souls who held love dear,
And who exchanged the autumn's fog and chill
For the spring sun's caressing warmth and cheer.

I said that while the world is full of tears,
And dense, unbroken darkness reigns around,
It were a shame to dream of ease and bliss
Within one's own home-corner to be found.

But lo! to-day the golden-shining Spring,
Flower-clad, has glanced in at my window too;
And my tired heart beat rapidly, and grieved
That all within was poor and dark to view.

A passing glance of kindly sympathy,
Sadness upon a beautiful young face—
And a mad wish is mine for happiness,
Tears, endless love, a woman's fond embrace.

POESY

NADSON

Long years ago she to our earth descended
From heaven's calm depths of shadowy air
and cloud,
With youthful smile and crowned with fragrant
roses,
Nude, lovely, of her sinless beauty proud.

She brought with her till then unknown emotions—

Music of heaven and love of dreams she bore.
Her law was art for art, she knew no other;
Her mission, to serve beauty evermore.

But soon the splendid flowers, torn from her
forehead,

Were trampled in the dust; and dark and
cold

A cloud o'erspread her beauteous virgin features
With doubt and grief; mute are the hymns
of old!

Far, far away the notes of exultation,

Leaving no echo, by the storm are borne;
And now her song breathes fire of the soul's
torment,

Her heavenly brow is pierced with many a
thorn.

THE PEOPLE'S POET

NADSON

I know, dear friend, deep in my heart I know
My verse is pale and faint and lacking power.
Oft for its weakness do I sadly grieve,
And pour forth secret tears at night's still
hour.

In vain at times forth from my lips would burst
A cry of anguish I can scarce endure;
In vain at times love almost burns my soul—
Cold is our tongue, and lamentably poor.

The rainbow of the flowers of many kinds,
Sweet music dying on the chord away,
Grief for ideals, and tears for liberty—
How tell of these in words of every day?

This boundless world outspread before our eyes,
The world of mind, so full of anxious fear—
How draw them true to life, with timid strokes,
Pent in my verse's narrow framework here?

But to be mute while hearing sounds of woe
That to allay we struggle eagerly—
Beneath the storm of strife, in face of pain,
Wounded, I cannot, will not silent be.

THE PEOPLE'S POET

If hero-like I may not shatter chains,
Nor prophet-like spread light sublime and
clear,
I with the crowd have mixed, and share its pain,
And give, as strength permits me, help and
cheer.

RUSSIA'S LAMENT

N. A. NEKRASOV (B. 1821, d. 1877).

Dost thou know, my native country,
Any house or corner lone
Where thy Tiller and thy Sower,
Russia's peasant, does not moan?

In the fields, along the highways,
In the cells and dungeons black,
In the mines in iron fetters,
By the side of barn and stack;

'Neath the carts, his nightly shelter
On the steppes so wide and bare,
All the air is filled with groaning
Every hour and everywhere.

Groans in huts, in town and village —
E'en the sunlight's self he hates—
Groans before the halls of justice,
Buffetings at mansion-gates.

On the Volga, hark, what wailing
O'er the mighty river floats?
'Tis a song, they say—the chanting
Of the men who haul the boats.

RUSSIA'S LAMENT

Thou dost not in spring, vast Volga,
Flood the fields along thy strand
As our nation's flood of sorrow,
Swelling, overflows the land.

O my heart, what is the meaning
Of this endless anguish deep?
Wilt thou ever, O my country,
Waken, full of strength, from sleep?

Or, by heaven's mystic mandate,
Is thy fate fulfilled to-day,
Singing thus thy dirge, thy death-song,
Falling then asleep for aye?

2-108

RUSSIAN PEASANT CHILDREN

NEKRASOV

Again I'm in the country, once again!
I hunt, write verses, and am free from care.
Yesterday, tired with tramping through the
swamps,
I strayed into the barn and slumbered there.

When I awakened, through the barn's wide
cracks

The beams of a rejoicing sun shone in.
A dove is cooing; flying o'er the roof,
I hear the young rooks caw, with joyous din.

Another bird is flitting through the air;
I know it by its shadow for a crow.
Hark! there is whispering! All along a crack
Attentive eyes are gazing, in a row.

As flowers grow all commingled in the fields,
Were mingled eyes of gray, of brown, of blue.
How full they were of freedom and repose,
Of soft caressing, and of goodness, too!

The look in a child's eyes I always know,
And dearly love.—Thought faded from my
brain;

A sense of something holy filled my soul.
Hush, listen! There is whispering again!

THE MOURNER

NEKRASOV

As to war's terrors and alarms I list,
When some new victim hath his life-blood
shed,
'Tis not his wife I pity, nor his friend,
Nor grieve I for the hero who is dead.

The wife in time will cease to mourn her loss,
The best of friends and comrades will forget;
But there is one who will remember him
Even unto her grave, with eyes still wet.

Amid our trivial, hypocritic lives,
The only tears all holy and sincere
That I have seen, are those by mothers shed,
Who sorrow for their children, ever dear.

Their children on the bloody field who fell
They ne'er forget, but mourn them all their
days.
Like are they to the weeping willow tree,
That never can its drooping branches raise.

22-743

FREEDOM

NEKRASOV

*(Written at the time of the emancipation of
the serfs.)*

O'er thy plains, my native country,
In the years now past away,
Never did I ride with feelings
Such as fill my soul to-day!

In its mother's arms reposing,
Lo! a peasant's child I see,
And my heart is stirred to gladness
By a thought most dear to me.

You were born in times auspicious,
Child, into this world below;
With God's help, in days before you,
Pain and grief you shall not know.

With the light of youth around you,
Ere you enter on the strife,
Freely and with none to hinder
You shall choose your path in life.

You shall, if you so desire it,
Be a peasant evermore;

FREEDOM

If you have the power within you,
Like an eagle you shall soar.

But, it may be, many errors
Lurk in fancies such as these,
For man's intellect is subtle,
Swayed and influenced with ease.

And, beside the snares of old time
Spread the peasants' feet before,
Well I know designing people
Have invented many more.

Yes, but for the folk to break them
It no harder task will be.
Then, O Muse, with hope and gladness
Hail the dawn of liberty!

THE JEWISH SOLDIER

(From the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld)

Not far from Plevna, fifty and a hundred steps
away,
There is a grave, but where it lies no passer-by
could say.
The place is all forsaken, a dreary spot and
lone;
No wreath lies on that sepulchre, there stands
no marble stone;
There grows no grass, no flower, no leaf—yet
there in death's embrace
A hero rests, a soldier brave who came of Jew-
ish race.
Upon the spot where erst he fell in battle he
doth lie,
Where Russia celebrates with pride her greatest
victory.

A deep, dead silence reigns around; all things
have fallen asleep;
But when the clock upon the tower at midnight
boometh deep,
A strong east wind begins to blow; it thunders,
it appals,

THE JEWISH SOLDIER

It clamors, storms and rattles, it roars and
loudly calls;
And 'neath the storm the silent earth cleaves
and doth open stand;
The hero rises from his grave, his drawn sword
in his hand.

He stands upon the fortress, grim courage in his
frown,
And from the wound within his heart the blood
is flowing down.
His pure blood wells forth freely, his heart's
deep wound is wide;
He lifts his sword, and cries in tones that ring
on every side:
"My comrades of the war, arise to judgment!
Speak and say!
Tell me, did I fight faithfully upon the battle
day?
Say, did I fall upon this spot with an heroic
band,
And die for Russia's honor, die for the Russian
land?"

And then in wrath a countless host awakens
suddenly,
As many as the sands that sleep beside a silent
sea.
For swiftly the whole army arises at his call;

SONGS OF RUSSIA

From near and far, with heavy tread, they
gather, one and all.

There is a trampling and a clang, a marching
and a hum,

A galloping and whirling, as in a cloud they
come;

And of that phantom army each soldier lifts
his hand,

And swears, "You died with honor, died for
your native land!"

Soon all again is quiet, the night is still as
death,

And all that countless army has vanished in a
breath.

But still the Jewish soldier on the fortress stands
alone,

And every word he utters like a hot grenade is
thrown:

"O Russia! from my wife and child you reft
me without ruth,

And to defend your honor I perished in my
youth.

Why now my wretched family drive forth their
bread to find

In distant lands? A heavy curse I send you on
the wind!"

Scarce has the curse been uttered—full fraught
with pain, alack!—

THE JEWISH SOLDIER

When into the cold grave again the tempest
sweeps him back;
And every night at midnight this scene is acted
o'er.
The soldier's curses, deep and dread, are gathering
more and more.
They grow and grow; the tempest's wings on to
Gatschina bear
Those curses keen, and scatter them upon the
palace there.

ON OCEAN'S BOSOM

(From the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld)

The awful wind, the storm with peril fraught,
Is wrestling with a ship upon the sea.
It would destroy her; she in sore distress
Cleaves the deep waters, groaning heavily.

The mast is cracking, quivering is the sail,
Frightful the water's depths of roaring strife;
The wind contends and struggles with the ship
In fury, in a fight for death and life.

Now she is driven forward and now back,
Now she must stoop, now rise upon the main.
The ship is but a plaything of the waves
That swallow her, then spew her forth again.

The ocean roars, the billows lift themselves,
And awfully they thunder, lash and hiss.
The murderous storm seeks all things to destroy,
And opened are the jaws of the abyss.

Sighs, prayers are heard, for great the peril is,
And dreadful the distress. With suppliant
breath

ON OCEAN'S BOSOM

Now every man is calling on his God
To save the people from a certain death.

The children weep, the women wail in fear,
The folk confess their sins, with desperate
mind;

And souls are fluttering, bodies quivering,
In terror of the mad, destructive wind.

But in the steerage down below, two men
Sit quietly; no pangs their heart-strings thrill.
They seek no rescue and they make no plans,
As if all things around were safe and still.

The water roars, the billows foam, the winds
Howl with prodigious tumult as they blow;
The boiler gasps, the smokestack buzzes loud,
But calm and silent are the men below.

Coolly they gaze into the eyes of Death;
They care not for the tempest's dangerous
might.

It seems as if the spectre Death himself
Had reared the two, in terror and dark night.

"Who are you, tell me, miserable men,
That you can hide all signs of pain and
dread—

That even at the awful gates of death
You have no sighs to breathe, no tears to shed?

SONGS OF RUSSIA

"Say, did graves give you birth, and do you
leave

No parents and no wife behind to weep—
No child who will lament when you are lost
In these abysses terrible and deep?

"Do you leave no one to feel grief for you,
To long for you, shed tears in sorrow sore,
When the vast watery graveyard covers you
And you unto the earth return no more?

"Have you no country and no fatherland,
No friendly house, no home to which to go,
That you have such contempt for life, and wait
For the dark grave without a sign of woe?

"No one in heaven have you on whom to call
From trouble's depths, no God to whom to
cry?

Have you no nation, say, have you no faith?
Ye wretched ones, what is your destiny?"

Yawns the abyss, and loud the billows roar;
Creaks the ship's rigging as the blast sweeps
by;

The tempest howls, and wildly pipe the winds;
And thus, at last, with tears one makes reply:

"The graveyard dark was not our mother, nay,
Nor was the grave our cradle-bed of old.

ON OCEAN'S BOSOM

'Twas a good angel that gave birth to us,
A mother dear, with heart of tenderest mould.

"A mother fondled us, a loving breast
Nurtured us, warm as any breast could be.
A happy father also every day
Gazed in our eyes and kissed us tenderly.

"We had a house, but it has been destroyed;
Our holy things were burned by murderous
bands,
Our best and dearest slain—dead bones are they;
Those left were driven forth with fettered
hands.

"Known is our country—oh! 'tis recognized
With ease, alas! by ceaseless bloody news
Of baitings, beatings, burnings, riots wild,
Death and destruction dealt to wretched Jews.

"Jews, hapless Jews are we, without a friend,
A joy, or hope of happiness, alack!
Ask us no more, no more! Leave us in peace.
America to Russia drives us back —

"To Russia, whence we fled; to Russia back,
Because we have no money. Journeying thus,
What have we left to look for or to hope?
What good is life or this dark world to us?

SONGS OF RUSSIA

"Something you have to weep for; you have
cause

To murmur and fear death. You have a home
To which to go; you left America
Of your free choice, not forced by fate to
roam.

"We are forlorn and lonely like a rock;
On this ill earth no place for us is found.
Travellers are we, but no one waits for us.
Tell us, I pray you, whither we are bound?

"Let the wind storm, and let it howl with rage,
Let the deep seethe and boil and roar around!
We Jews are lost, however it may be;
The sea alone can quench our burning wound."

TO THE YOUTH OF RUSSIA

G. GALIN

A forest is cut down with ruthless axe,
A forest young and green doth prostrate lie;
While ancient pines, with thoughts inscrutable,
Gaze, stern and sad, into the silent sky.

A forest is cut down; is it because
Its early rustle glad bade Nature wake,
Or that in youth it boldly sang aloud
Of joy, the sun, spring's dawn about to break?

A forest is cut down; earth hides the seeds,
And when the new green wall of struggling
trees
Springs up, awakened by life's force, their
boughs
O'er brothers' graves will murmur in the
breeze.

ON THE EVE

G. GALIN

The Frost has not yet lifted his eyes from off
the fields,
The forests still stand meek and mute—all
leafless are their bowers;
And yet methinks I feel the earth already thrill
and throb
Unsteadily and softly with the springing of
the flowers.

The traces of chill, gloomy tears have not yet
dried away,
The song of grief and suffering has not died
upon the air,
Yet in my heart there swells again, sweet as the
breath of spring,
The music of a joyous hope, a dream most
glad and fair.

LIFE

G. GALIN

No, no! I pray not for eternal sleep,
Nor sadly call on death its peace to give;
One wish alone, with flame unquenchable,
Burns in my soul—it is the wish to live.

The wintry blizzard, with its icy hands,
Thus to break down a living tree doth strive;
But, though it bends to earth with frozen
boughs,
It fights and struggles on, that it may live.

COME!

G. GALIN

Come, bright blue holiday of spring,
With all thy hopes and fears,
And let my peace be broken,
And let my heart know tears!

Come! Spare not this weak spirit!
Wake all that sleeps to-day
In silence, and thy blossoms give
To strew along my way!

Come! though thy nights will vanish,
The nightingales grow dumb,
And though the autumn threatens
In gloom beyond thee—come!

IN PRISON

P. POLIVANOV

[Polivanov was a revolutionist who tried to rescue some of his friends from prison. He was caught, and was imprisoned for twenty years in the fortress of Schlüsselbourg. At the end of his term he was released, with shattered nerves, and soon after committed suicide.]

I long for liberty, I long for light;

I want to draw a full breath, deep and clear;

I want—Well, brother, now the song is sung.

For years, for ages, you are buried here.

By the damp cell's cold wall, the iron bar

Across the heavy doors that will not move,

You are cut off from all the living world

Forever, from life's joys, from those you love.

Take leave forevermore, then, of your dreams,

Your native steppes, and meads, and forests
free,

And of the hope with which you used to live,

And the ideal you served so faithfully.

SONGS OF RUSSIA

Take leave of all, then, and submit yourself;
Bow to your helpless and depressing fate.
What use to dream of freedom, pine for it,
For life, work, strife, outside the prison gate?

Let fear nor hope nor joy nor sorrow come
Unto your broken heart a throb to lend.
Life's ocean you will never see again;
Your own life's journey, too, will shortly end.

In Death's embrace your respite you will find
From grief and suffering; in oblivion's sea
You will receive your guerdon—the repose
You have desired so long and ardently.

SPRING IN PRISON

P. POLIVANOV

The spring is coming! Nature everywhere
Has wakened from her long and wintry sleep,
And she has shaken off her robe of snow,
And broken up the ice, so thick and deep.

O'er the clear sky the cranes in northward flight
Have passed in bands since early dawn of day;
Wild ducks are rushing by in clanging flocks;
The curlew's whistle sounds from far away.

The noisy sea-gull hovers o'er the lake,
And still to-day, as in the days of yore,
All full of mighty strength, with stormy joy,
The wave is breaking on the sandy shore.

Long since, the joyous sounds of wakening life
Have ceased an echo in our breasts to find;
Deadened the soul has grown through grief and
pain,
And over-weary are the heart and mind.

The spring sun gives us but a cheerless light
Through the dull glass that dims its golden
ray,
And the heart harbors deep a gloomy thought
That even springtime will not drive away.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM

P. POLIVANOV

A darksome night of winter,
Dead silence without end!
Where are you, my beloved,
My brave and faithful friend?

Your image, pure and lovely,
In spite of bolt and bar,
Before me comes; your fond, clear glance
Shines on me like a star.

The long, long years of parting,
With grief and longing rife,
The hand weighed down by bondage,
Pains of a shattered life—

Not all could dim that image,
Your sweet head, golden bright;
Still o'er my thoughts it reigneth,
Unchanged its magic might.

In this cold grave, I, living,
Am buried from the sun;
Monotonously, mournfully,
The years pass, one by one.

THE PRISONER'S DREAM

Sometimes in this dead stillness
Is heard a groaning deep;
The heart beats slowly, wearily,
And thought is lost in sleep.

But through the gloom your image
Shines like a magic lamp;
Like a bright beam, it drives away
The dark cell's cold and damp.

For you is all forgotten;
I far away have flown
In dreams—and then my heart, dear love,
Is filled with you alone.

What fate has fallen to you
Of sorrow or delight?
Your path across life's meadow,
Has it been smooth and bright?

IN ALEXIS RAVELIN

P. POLIVANOV

Always the same dim, cheerless, dusty vaults,
The same bars darkening all the window-
space!

Long ranks of years, that seem like evil dreams
In broken sleep, stretch out before my face.

If but one distant sound could here be heard
Of life, broad, free, and seething like the
main,
It would have stirred me with its mighty
strength,
And eased the burden of this torturing pain.

No! all around me reigns a deathly hush,
Heart-crushing, grave-like; in it nothing stirs
Save now and then the buzzing of a fly,
Or in the corridor the clash of spurs.

Bright burden of emotions and of strife,
Time of impassioned hope and fancy high,
Of faith in glad days for posterity—
Where are you now? Vanished as dreams
go by!

IN ALEXIS RAVELIN

A mist has settled over ~~all~~ the past,
Enwrapping it ~~forever~~ in its shroud;
And it has ~~thickened~~ to a winding-sheet,
~~And~~ hangs above me like a boding cloud.

That leaden cloud depresses heavily;
It chills the brain, with long confinement worn,
And pierces deep my soul with poison hot
Of black and heavy thoughts, in prison born.

LAST DAYS

P. POLIVANOV

Year after year monotonously creeps;
Year after weary year more callous grown,
My life in semi-stupor drags along
Behind the prison's gloomy wall of stone.

The mind, depressed by long imprisonment,
Has grown inert, and sleeps in idleness;
The heart is numbed and irresponsible now;
Feeling is dulled, grown wonted to distress.

Indifferent, without anger, without pain,
Into the viewless future now I gaze;
My hands hang down in utter apathy;
Nor grief nor passion stirs me in these days.

'Tis dull to live thus idly; 'tis a shame
Beneath an ignominious yoke to dwell—
To vegetate in body and in soul,
In stupor dumb, within a prison cell.

My over-burdened heart has no desire,
No strength in it, to linger longer here.
Eternal darkness, oh, enwrap me soon!
Vaults of my grave, draw nearer and more
near!

LOVE'S EBB AND FLOW

A. K. TOLSTOY

Believe me not, dear, when in hours of anguish
I say my love for thee exists no more.
At ebb of tide, think not the sea is faithless;
It will return with love unto the shore.

E'en now I pine for thee with old-time passion,
And place my freedom in thy hands once
more.
Already, with loud noise, the waves are hasting
Back from afar to the beloved shore.

NIGHT AND MORNING

M. L. MIKHAILOV

We shall be buried on an eve stifling and close,
'neath cloudy skies;
Lightnings will play, the river roar, the forest
utter moans and sighs.

The night will be a night of storm; mighty in
their stupendous power,
Rain, fire and thunder will burst forth from
those dread clouds that darkly lower.

But o'er our graves, foretelling that a bright
day shall be given,
The dawn will set a rainbow fair, spanning
the whole wide heaven.

DEATH'S JEST.

N. A. DOBROLIUBOV

What if I die? 'Twere little grief!
But one fear wrings my breast—
Perhaps Death, too, may play on me
A grim, insulting jest.

I fear that over my cold corpse
Hot tears may fall in showers;
That someone, with a foolish zeal,
May heap my bier with flowers;

That friends may crowd behind my hearse
With thoughts of grief sincere,
And when I lie beneath the mould,
Men's hearts may hold me dear;

That all which I so eagerly
And vainly used to crave
In life, may brightly smile on me
When I am in my grave!

AT STRIFE

(From the Yiddish of David Edelstadt)

Hated are we, and driven from our homes,
Tortured and persecuted, even to blood;
And wherefore? 'Tis because we love the poor,
The masses of mankind, who starve for food.

We are shot down, and on the gallows hanged,
Robbed of our lives and freedom without ruth,
Because for the enslaved and for the poor
We are demanding liberty and truth.

But we will not be frightened from our path
By darksome prisons or by tyranny;
We must awake humanity from sleep,
Yea, we must make our brothers glad and free.

Secure us fast with fetters made of iron,
Tear us like beasts of blood till life departs,
'Tis but our bodies that you will destroy,
Never the sacred spirit in our hearts.

You cannot kill it, tyrants of the earth!
Our spirit is a plant immortal, fair;
Its petals, sweet of scent and rich of hue,
Are scattered wide, are blooming everywhere.

AT STRIFE

In thinking men and women now they bloom,
In souls that love the light and righteousness.
As they strive on toward duty's sacred goal,
Nature herself doth their endeavor bless—

To liberate the poor and the enslaved
Who suffer now from cold and hunger's
blight,
And to create for all humanity
A world that shall be free, that shall be
bright;

A world where tears no longer shall be shed,
A world where guiltless blood no more shall
flow,
And men and women, like clear-shining stars,
With courage and with love shall be aglow.

You may destroy us, tyrants! 'Twill be vain.
Time will bring on new fighters strong as we;
For we shall battle ever, on and on,
Nor cease to strive till all the world is free!

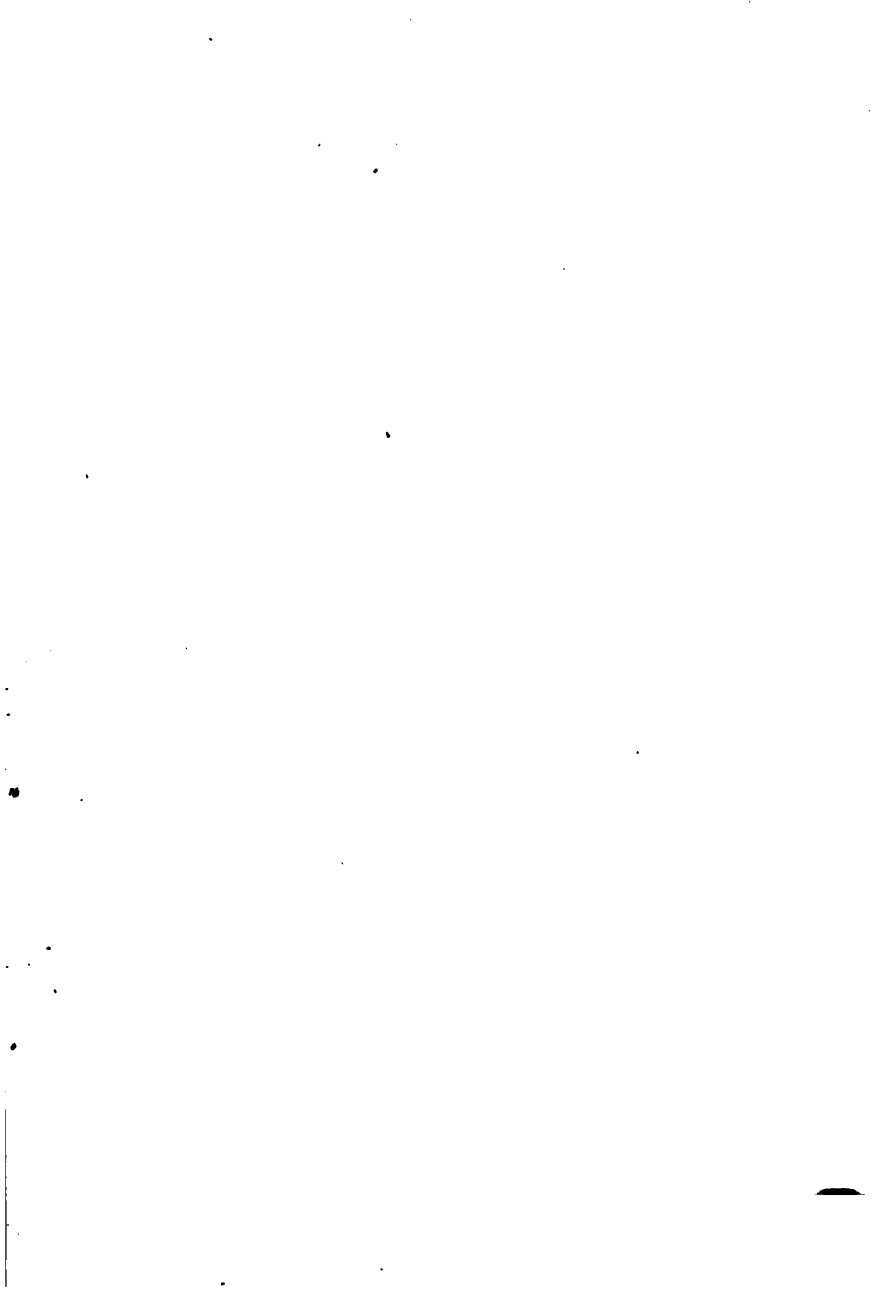
MY WILL

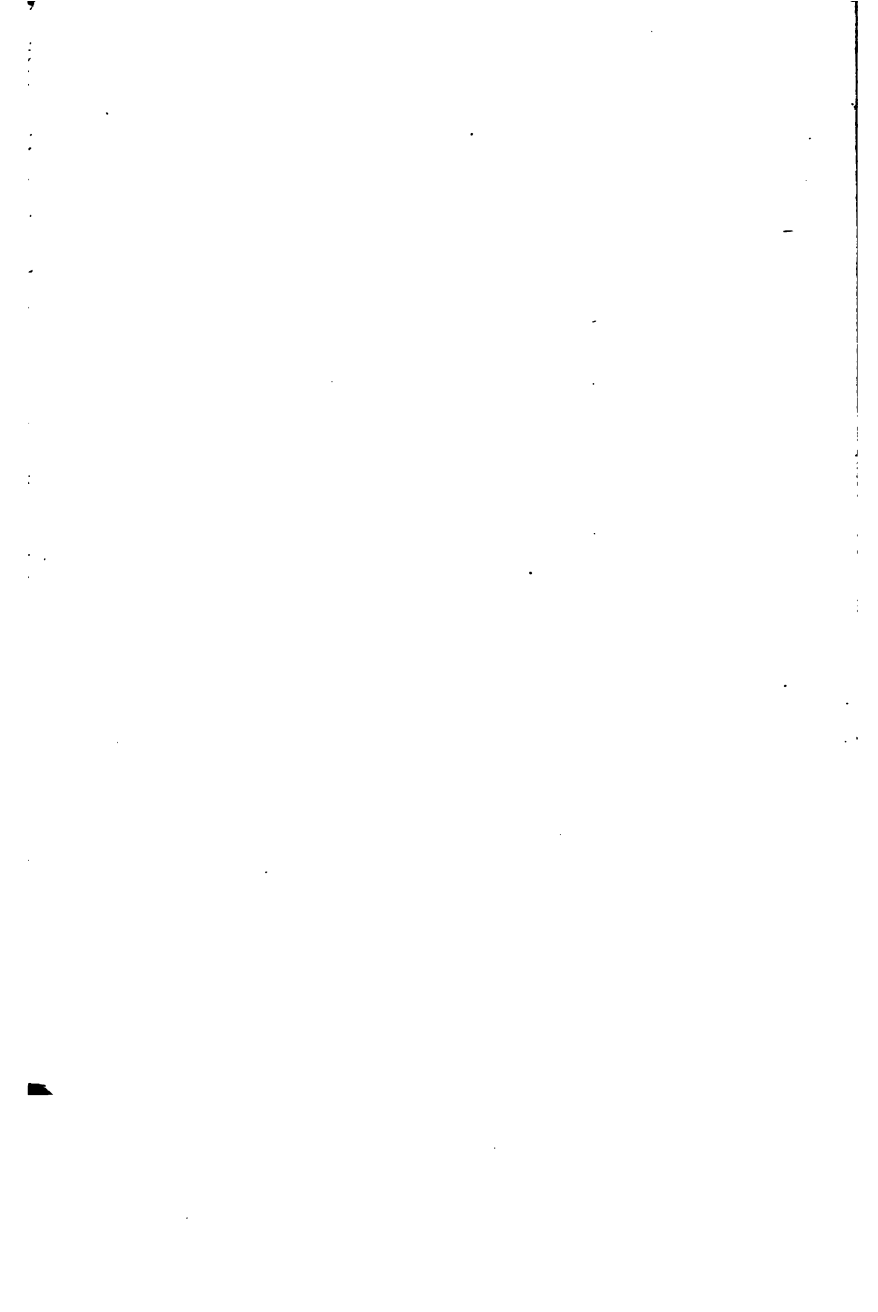
EDELSTADT

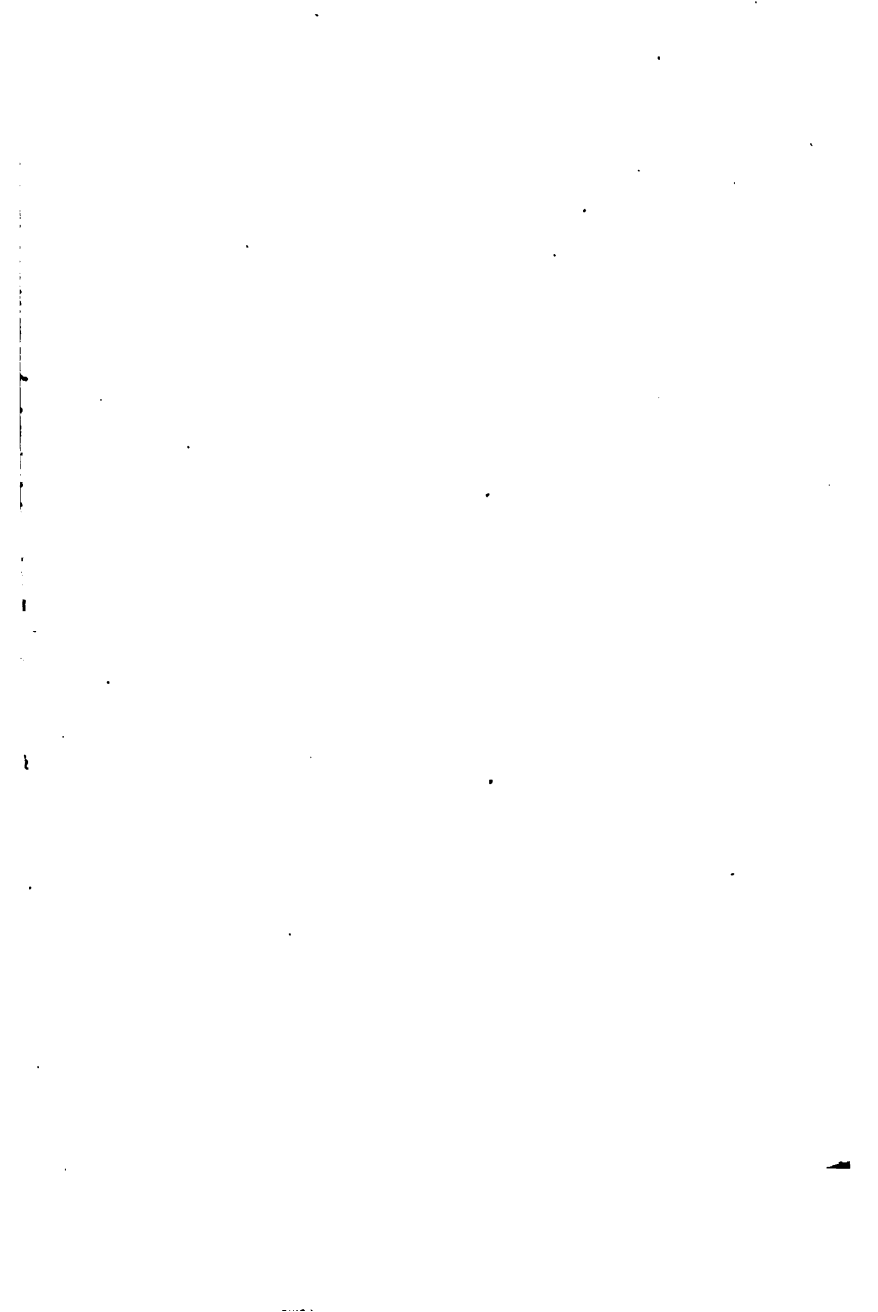
Good friends, when I am dead, bear to my grave
Our banner, freedom's flag of crimson hue,
Stained with the blood poured from the toilers'
veins.

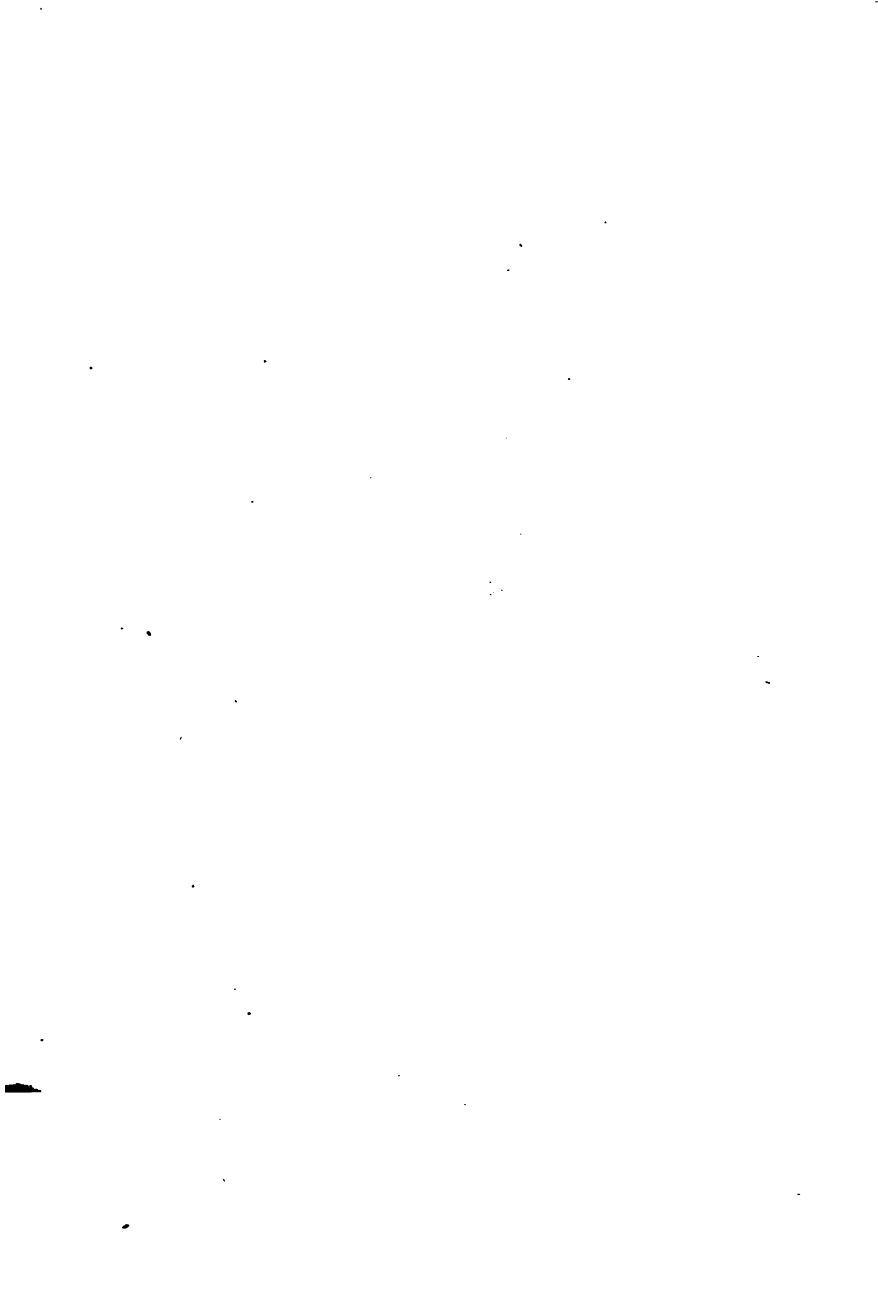
There 'neath the crimson banner sing to me
My song, "At Strife," the song of liberty,
That in the hearer's ear clangs like the chains
Of the enslaved, Christian alike and Jew.

E'en in the grave, O brothers, I shall hear
My song of liberty, my stormy lay;
E'en there shall I shed tears for every slave,
Christian or Jew; and when the swords I hear
Clash in the final battle's blood and fear,
Then, singing to the people from my grave,
I will inspire their hearts, that glorious day!









This book should be returned
the Library on or before the last
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

FEB 20 1933

DUE DEC -9 47

DUE DEC 24 '50

DUE DEC 29 '50

DUE JAN 26 '51

DUE FEB 13 '51

DUE FEB 20 '51



This book should be returned
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

~~FEB 20 1933~~

~~DUE DEC -9 47~~ A

DUE DEC 28 '50

DUE DEC 29 '50

DUE JAN 26 '51

DUE FEB 13 '51

~~DUE FEB 28 '51~~



This book should be returned
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

FEB 20 1933

~~DUE DEC -9 47~~ X

DUE DEC 24 '50

DUE DEC 29 '50

DUE JAN 26 '51

DUE FEB 13 '51

~~DUE FEB 28 '51~~